



*Who pleas'd by wit that scorns the tricks
of Vice —*

J. Boff. sculp.

12357. PP. 32.

T H E
T A T L E R.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L U M E S E C O N D.



L O N D O N:

Sold by A. MIDDLETON, J. YOUNG,
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M, DCC, LXXVII.





T H E
T A T L E R.

No. 153. SATURDAY, *April 1.* 1710.

Bombalis, clangor, stridor, taratantara, murmur.
FARN. Rhet.

Rend with tremendous sounds your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and
thunder. POPE.

From my own apartment, March 31.

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture,
wherein all the painters of the age in which
it was drawn, are represented sitting together
A 2 in

in a circle, and joining in a concert of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that stile and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous cupola-painter of those times, to shew the grandeur and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth, which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a theorbo. The same kind of humour runs through the whole piece.

I have often from this hint imagined to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great city might be cast into the proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of these therefore in their order, and first of the drum.

Your drums are the blusterers in conversation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies, over-bear men of sense, stun their companions, and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good breeding in it. The drum notwithstanding,



withstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with ladies, who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a man of mirth and wit, for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the drum very much contributes to its noise.

The lute is a character directly opposite to the drum, that sounds very finely by itself or in a very small concert. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a drum will shew itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The lutanists therefore are men of a fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The trumpet is an instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen, who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a

certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak judgment, and a short reach of understanding: a play-house, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting day, or a ring at Hide-park, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The trumpet however is a necessary instrument about a court, and a proper enlivener of a concert, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of imagination, sharpness of rapartee, glances of satire, and bear away the upper part in every concert. I cannot however but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the concert, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense, and unpolished parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an

an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and sur-ly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Briton to be naturally a bass-viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses, quick-set-hedges, and six-bar-gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the bagpipe species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath these. These are your dull, heavy, tedious story-tellers, the load and burden of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify a half-penny to its destruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the Northern parts of this island are more particularly fruitful in bagpipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk

on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them: nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be harpsicords, a kind of music which every one knows is a concert by itself.

As for your passage-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that croud our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it would be by those modern inventions of the bladder and string, tongs and key, marrow-bone and cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon male instruments, having reserved my female concert to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of drums; not to mention another of bagpipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in Sheer-Lane. The lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks

banks of a chrystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods and flowery meadows: which for different reasons are likewise the great resort of your hunting-horns. Bass-violis are frequently to be found over a glass of stale beer, and a pipe of tobacco, whereas those who set up for violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a trumpet any where on the other side of Charing-cross.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must intreat my reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a drum or a trumpet, a violin or a bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a drum for many years; nay, and a noisy one, till having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the trumpet into my conversation as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different musics, I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a tabor and pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the lute; but in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess with great confusion, that I find myself daily

A 5

degenerating

degenerating into a bag-pipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the concert by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

DEAR ISAAC,

"I INTEND to have a concert at my house
"this evening, having by great chance got a
"harpsicord, which I am sure will entertain you
"very agreeably. There will be likewise two
"lutes and a trumpet: let me beg you to put
"yourself in tune, and believe me"

Your very faithful servant,

NICHOLAS HUMDRUM.



No. 154. TUESDAY, *January 4. 1710.*

Obscuris vera involvens.

VIRG. *Æn.* ver. 4. l. 100.

Involving truth in terms obscure and dark.

R. WYNNE.

From my own apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined Homer's description of a future state; and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall in this paper make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of genius, had all the lights of philosophy and human learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

Aeneas is represented as descending into the empire of death, with a prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as be-

ing either the occasions, or resemblances of death. Of the first kind are the shadows of Sickness, Old-age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty, apparitions very terrible to behold; with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles Death, the poet tells us that Sleep, whom he represents as a near relation to Death, has likewise his habitation in these quarters, and describes in them a huge gloomy elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of Dreams, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a list of imaginary persons, who very naturally ly within the shadow of the Dream-tree, as being of the same kind of make in themselves, and in the materials, or, to use Shakespear's phrase, the stuff of which dreams are made. Such are the shades of the giant with a hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped Centaur, and Scylla; the Gorgon with snakey hair; the Harpy with a woman's face and lion's talons; the seven-headed Hydra; and the Chimæra, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the dreams;

dreams; but as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild delirium and extravagancies of fancy, which the soul usually falls into when she is just upon the verge of death.

Thus far Aeneas travels in an allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic philosophy. I shall not trouble my reader with a common dull story, that gives an account why the heathens first of all supposed a ferryman in hell, and his name to be Charon; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much insisted upon in his book, that the souls of those, who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, till they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was probably an invention of the heathen priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper rites and ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I shall not however, with the infamous scriblers of the age, take an occasion from such a circumstance, to run into declamations against priestcraft, but rather look upon it even in this light as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the memory of their forefathers, and a desire to recommend themselves to
that

that of posterity ; as also to excite in them an ambition of imitating the virtues of the deceased, and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense of the soul's immortality. In a word, we may say in defence of the severe opinion relating to the shades of unburied persons, what hath been said by some of our divines in regard to the rigid doctrines concerning the souls of such who die without being initiated into our religion, that supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeased, and the triple-headed dog laid asleep, but Aeneas makes his entrance into the dominions of Pluto. There are three kinds of persons described, as being situated on the borders ; and I can give no reason for their being stationed there in so particular a manner, but because none of them seem to have a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The first of these are the souls of infants, who are snatched away by untimely ends : the second, are of those that are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence ; and the third, of those who grow weary of their lives and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, Virgil adds

adds with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and assigning them their several quarters suitable to the parts they acted in life. The poet, after having mentioned the souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation: *Oh! how gladly, says he, would they now endure life with all its miseries! But the Destinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are unpassable.* It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithstanding self-murder was so frequent among the heathens, and had been practised by some of the greatest men in the very age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a crime. But in this particular he was guided by the doctrines of his great master Plato, who says on this subject, that a man is placed in his station of life like a soldier in his proper post, which he is not to quit whatever may happen, until he is called off by his commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonic philosophy, which Virgil has made the ground-work of the greatest part of the piece we are now examining, having with wonderful art and beauty materialized, if I may so call it, a scheme of abstracted notions, and clothed the most nice refined conceptions of philosophy in sensible images, and poetical representations. The Platonists tell

tell us, that the soul, during her residence in the body, contracts many virtuous and vicious habits, so as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable, or an angry, malicious, revengeful being; a substance inflamed with lust, avarice, and pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: that these and the like habits of virtue and vice, growing into the very essence of the soul, survive and gather strength in her after her dissolution: that the torments of a vicious soul, in a future state, arise principally from those importunate passions which are not capable of being gratified without a body; and that on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds very much consists in their being employed in sublime speculations, innocent diversions, sociable affections, and all the ecstasies of passion and rapture which are agreeable to reasonable natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon this foundation, the poet raises that beautiful description of the secret haunts and walks, which he tells us are inhabited by deceased lovers.

Not far from hence, says he, lies a great waste of plains that are called the Fields of Melancholy. In these there grows a forest of myrtle, divided into many shady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the souls of those who pined away with love. The passion, says he, continues

lives with them after death. He then gives a list of this languishing tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantic scene, with the shade of her first husband Sichæus.

The poet in the next place mentions another plain that was peopled with the ghosts of warriors, as still delighting in each others company, and pleased with the exercise of arms. He there represents the Grecian generals and common soldiers who perished in the siege of Troy as drawn up in squadrons, and terrified at the approach of Aeneas, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewise, upon the same notion, gives a view of the Trojan heroes who lived in former ages, amidst a visionary scene of chariots and arms, flowery meadows, shining spears, and generous steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures upon earth, and now make up their happiness in Elysiun. For the same reason also, he mentions others as singing pæans, and songs of triumph, amidst a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the concert was the poet Musæus, who stood inclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy spirits, to shew the duration of their torments and the desperate condition they are in, are represented.

presented as guarded by a fury, moated round with a lake of fire, strengthened with towers of iron, encompassed with a triple wall, and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of stripes, the clank of chains, and the groans of the tortured, strike the pious Aeneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two classes: the first and blackest catalogue consists of such as were guilty of outrages against the gods; and the next, of such who were convicted of injustice between man and man: the greatest number of whom, says the poet, are those who followed the dictates of avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, that the souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed through both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a clothing of poetry, describes some spirits as blenching in the winds, others as cleansing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

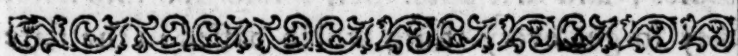
It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of philosophers, that the souls of all men exist in a separate state long before their union with the bodies;

bodies; and that upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of pre-existence; so that what we here call knowledge, is nothing else but memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us a view of several souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river Lethe, and swill themselves with the waters of oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Anchises is represented taking a survey of the long train of heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his son Aeneas an account of all the glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonian year, which is but just touched upon in this book; and as I have consulted no author's thoughts in this explication, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished poet more agreeable to my female readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden's translation of it.



No. 155. THURSDAY, April 6. 1710.

*Aliena negotia curat**Excussus propriis. HOR. Sat. 3. lib. 2. ver. 19.*

When he has lost all business of his own,
 He runs in quest of news thro' all the town,
 Intent on that of others. R. WYNNE.

From my own apartment, April 5.

THERE lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an Upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose up before day to read the Post man; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had

had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pains and anxiety of mind for king Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's park, I heard some body at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the Upholsterer! I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great coat and muff, with a long campaign-wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; and was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender? I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him, whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me, no. But pray, says he, tell me sincerely, what are your

your thoughts of the king of Sweden? (for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch.) I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. But pray, says he, do you think there is any thing in the story of his wound? and finding me surprised at the question, Nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the heel, says he, more than in any other part of the body? Because, says I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English-post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The Dailycourant, says he, has these words, *We had advice from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.* This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, *That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light.* Now the Post-man, says he, who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words;

(for words; *The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation.* This certain prince, says the Upholsterer, whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be — Upon which, though there was no body near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black-sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in these parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of;
and

and those, says he, are prince Menzikoff, and the duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, whether in case of a religious war, the protestants would not be too strong for the papists? This we unanimously determined on the protestants side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West-Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the protestants to beat the pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the papists should drive the protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

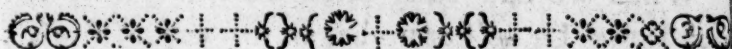
He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the pole, inhabited neither by protestants nor papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman catholic dominions in Europe.

When

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which the deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not been gone thirty yards, before the Upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the allies, that they forget their customers.



No. 156. SATURDAY, *April 8. 1710.*

—*Sequiturque Patrem non passibus aquis.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 2. ver. 724.

And with unequal steps his fire pursues.

R. WYNNE.

From my own apartment, April 7.

WE have already described out of Homer the voyage of Ulysses to the infernal shades, with the several adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful romance published not many years since by the archbishop of Cambray, we may see the son of Ulysses bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the regions of the dead. The story of Telemachus is formed altogether in the spirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned reader a notion of that great poet's manner of writing, more than any translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for the instruction of a young prince, who may one day sit upon the throne of France, the author took care to suit the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are

now

now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the misery of bad, and the happiness of good kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may however observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned author, to copy after the stile and sentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The poet in several places mixes himself with the poet; so that his future state puts me in mind of Michael Angelo's last judgment, where Charon and his boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having passed through the dark avenues of death in the retinue of Mercury, who every day delivers up a certain tale of ghosts to the ferryman of Styx, is admitted into the infernal bark. Among the companions of his voyage, is the shade of Nabopharzon, a king of Babylon, and tyrant of all the East. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, in order to attend him among the shades. The author having described this tyrant in the most odious colours of pride, insolence, and cruelty, tells us, that his four slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with reproaches and as-

fronts for his past usage; that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to shew his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusions of guilt and infamy; and in short, that they kept him bound in a chain, in order to drag him before the tribunal of the dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of shades, who, upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the palace of Pluto, who is described as seated on his throne in terrible majesty, with Proserpine by his side. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous spectre, who, by the ghastliness of his visage, and the nature of his apparitions that surrounded him, discovers himself to be Death. His attendants are Melancholy, Distrust, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The author, with great beauty, places near his frightful dreams an assembly of phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young hero, in the next place, takes a survey of the different kinds of criminals that lay in torture among clouds of sulphur, and tortures

ents of fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath in horror for : to which is added, a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty, in the eyes of the vulgar. Among these, says the author, are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others ; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash judgment on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. These crimes, says he, are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telemachus, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardness of heart, and all those secret affections of mind that enter into the composition of a tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side

of them stands another fury, that, with an insulting derision repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat upon their respective thrones. She too, says the author, presents a mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness or the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The author having given us a description of these ghastly spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted, leads us into a pleasing scene of groves, filled with the melody of birds, and the odours of a thousand different plants. These groves are represented as rising among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse a perpetual freshness in the midst of an eternal day, and never-fading spring. This, says the author, was the habitation of those good princes who were friends of the gods, and parents of the people. Among these Telemachus converses with the shade of one of his ancestors, who

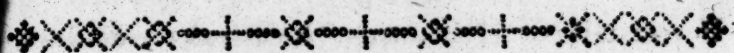
who makes a most agreeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and the nature of its inhabitants. The residence of Sesostris among these happy shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle light which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

The rays of the sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the sun-beams pass through chrystal; it strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind, a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the soul; the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and

neglect by these happy spirits who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Insolence shrinks its head, power disappears; pain, poverty, and death fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.



No. 158. THURSDAY, April 13. 1710.

Faciunt nã intelligendo, ut nihil intelligent. Ter.

While they pretend to know more than others,
they know nothing in reality.

From my own apartment, April 12.

TOM FOLIO is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins till Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward, in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors, knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Al-

us and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of the author, when he tells the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of stile, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they write themselves in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned idiot, for that is the light in which I consider every pedant, when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He had communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken

been very much among men of Tom's pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found upon the whole, that Tom did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because *Æneas*, at his leaving the empire of the dead, passed through the gate of ivory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, that Virgil possibly had his oversights as well as another author. Ah! Mr. Bickerstaffe, says he, you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in Daniel Heinsius's edition. I have perused him myself several times in that edition, continued he; and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him: one of them is in the *Æneid*, where there are two commas instead of a parenthesis; and another in the third *Georgic*, where you may find a semicolon turned upside down. Perhaps, said I, these were not Virgil's faults, but those of the transcriber. I do not design it, says Tom, as a reflection on Virgil: on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts reclaim against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaffe, says he, what would a man give to see one simile of Virgil writ in his own hand? I asked him which

was the simile he meant ; but was answered, any simile in Virgil. He then told me all the secret history in the common-wealth of learning : of modern pieces that had the names of the ancient authors annexed to them : of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe ; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published ; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class who are professed admirers of Tasso without understanding a word of Italian ; and one in particular, that carries a Pastor-fido in his pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinencies, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics ; and in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for
having

any having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt upon the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound such trifles of antiquity as a modern author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an idle sonnet that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the most immoral authors, and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them, is, that their works sufficiently shew they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character.

*Un pedant enivre de sa vaine science,
 Tout herisse de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
 Et qui de mille Auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
 Dans sa tete entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,
 Croit*

*Croit qu'un livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote
La raison ne voit goutte, et le bon sens radote.*

Englified.

Brim-full of learning see that pedant stride,
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with
pride!

A thousand authors he in vain has read,
And with their maxims stuff'd his empty head;
And thinks, that, without Aristotle's rule,
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool.

R. WYNNE.

No. 160. TUESDAY, *April 18. 1710.*

From my own apartment, April 17.

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow, often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, till my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very

very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the Upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St. James's Park. For which reason, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, that I was indisposed, that I could see no body, and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing. My maid, after having delivered her message, told me, that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house till I was stirring, and bid her be sure to tell me, that the French were driven from the Scarp, and that Douay was invested. He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day, and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, if her master was yet up? And at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home-news that every body in the town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid as soon

soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning. The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason I put on my cloaths in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness and disquiet of a first minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a taylor breaking his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the Upholsterer at the door, delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake, which I opened and found as follows:

Mr.

Mr. Bickerstaffe,

‘ I WAS to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honest gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five shillings of you, to give you a hundred pounds upon the Great Turk’s being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the same conditions. Our last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

‘ But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear as we were walking up the Mall, and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition, by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you the same hour I did this; my private circumstances being such that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

‘ I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning,

'ing, that I have not slept a wink these three
'nights.

'I have reason to believe, that Picardy will
'soon follow the example of Artois, in case the
'enemy continue in their present resolution of
'flying away from us. I think I told you last
'time we were together my opinion about the
'Deulle.

'The honest gentlemen upon the bench bid
'me tell you, they would be glad to see you of-
'ten amongst them. We shall bethere all the warm
'hours of the day during the present posture of
'affairs.

'This happy opening of the campaign will,
'I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I
'propose to take many a pleasant walk with you,
'if you will sometimes come into the park; for
'that is the only place in which I can be free
'from the malice of my enemies. Farewel till
'three o'clock to-morrow morning. I am

Your most humble servant, etc.

P. S. *The king of Sweden is still at Bender.*

I should have fretted myself to death at this
promise of a second visit, if I had not found in
his letter an intimation of the good news which
I have since heard at large; I have however order-
ed my maid to ty up the knocker of my door, in
such

Such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.



No. 161. THURSDAY, April 20, 1710.

——— *Nunquam libertas gratior exstat*
Quam sub rege pio. ———

Never does Liberty appear more amiable than under the government of a pious and good Prince.

From my own apartment, April 19.

I WAS walking two or three day ago in a very pleasing retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory, called The Table of Cebes. I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a bench, that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, till at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, till I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter chrystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise amidst the wildness of those cold hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the Goddess of Liberty; whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of

of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that, without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grow promiscuously, and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriance and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that rose out of the south side of the mountain, that by an infinite number of turns and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of Meanders, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain, from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises into that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think it the first source of the Rhone. This river, after having made its progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake at the leaving of them, and no sooner enters into the regions of Slavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them, beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to inclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and
made

made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her, and as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the Goddess sat the genius of a commonwealth, with the cap of liberty on her head, and in her hand a wand, like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring in her air; her eyes were full of fire, but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of other; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, The Ides of March.

On the right hand of the Goddess was the genius of monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermin, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre like that which is born by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet: her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of ter-

ror:

or: her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the Goddesses of liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, who had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood in its way. The name of this Goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependent Goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon an hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island, that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange-trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty, of the second Commerce. The first leaned her right arm upon a plough, and under her left held a huge horn, out of which she poured a whole autumn of fruits. The other wore a rostral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through
this

this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not incumbered with fences and enclosures; till at length, methought, I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of an hill, that presented several objects to my sight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over the flowery plain, and through the tops of trees, which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the inner declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by flocks, that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought I was pleased in my dream to see what became of these birds, when upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high till they are out of sight; and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers to take a flight to the moon. But mine eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circle of mountains, where guards and watches were posted night and day. Upon examination I found, that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual

perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Æthiopian; Ignorance with a turban upon her head, and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances, and made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mis-shapen body and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.



No. 162. SATURDAY, *April 22. 1710.*

Tertius e Cælo cecidit Cato.

JUV. Sat. ver. 2. 40.

See! a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.

R. WYNNE,

From my own apartment, April 21.

IN my younger years I used many endeavours to get a place at court, and indeed continued my pursuits till I arrived at my Grand Climacteric: but at length altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at last resolved to erect a new office, and for my encouragement, to place myself in it. For this reason I took upon myself the title and dignity of Censor of Great Britain, reserving to myself all such perquisites, profits, and emoluments as should arise out of the discharge of the said office. These in truth have not been inconsiderable; for besides those weekly contributions which I have received from John Morphew, and those annual subscriptions which I propose to myself from the most elegant part of this great island, I daily live

In a very comfortable affluence of wine, stale beer, Hungary water, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the space of a twelvemonth, I shall do, what all good officers ought to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and consider carefully whether I have discharged my duty, and acted up to the character with which I am invested. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow search into the nature of the old Roman Censors, whom I must always regard, not only as my predecessors, but as my patterns in this great employment; and have several times asked my own heart, with great impartiality, whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among posterity than Bickerstaffe?

I find the duty of the Roman Censor was twofold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great city. I have collected in particular bodies the

Dappers and the Smarts, the Natural and Affect-
ed Rakes, the Pretty fellows and the Very pret-
ty fellows. I have likewise drawn out in sever-
al distinct parties your Pedants and Men of
fire, your Gamesters and Politicians. I have
separated Cits from Citizens, Free-thinkers from
Philosophers, Wits from Snuff-takers, and Duel-
lists from Men of honour. I have likewise made
a calculation of Esquires, not only considering
the several distinct swarms of them that are set-
tled in the different parts of this town, but also
that more rugged species that inhabit the fields
and woods, and are often found in pot-houses
and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the soft sex over in silence, hav-
ing not yet reduced them into tolerable orders;
as likewise the softer tribe of lovers, which will
cost me a great deal of time, before I shall be
able to cast them into their several centuries and
sub-divisions.

The second part of the Roman Cenfor's office
was to look into the manners of the people, and
to check any growing luxury, whether in diet,
dress, or building. This duty likewise I have
endeavour'd to discharge, by those wholesome
precepts which I have given my country-men
in regard to beef and mutton, and the severe
censures which I have pass'd upon ragouts and
fricacies. There is not, as I am informed, a
pair of red heels to be seen within ten miles

of London, which I may likewise ascribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the petticoat is not so great; but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall in a little time put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it, having lately observed several warehouses, nay, private shops, that stand upon Corinthian pillars, and whole rows of tin pots shewing themselves, in order to their sale, through a sash-window.

I have likewise followed the example of the Roman Censors, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was usual for them to expel a senator who had been guilty of great immoralities out of the senate-house, by omitting his name when they called over the list of his brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several worthless men who stand possessed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the nobility, and given them up to the new society of upholders, with the necessary orders for their interment. As the Roman Censors used to punish the knights or gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their horses from them, I have seized the canes of many criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the common people of

Rome, they were generally chastised, by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not so honourable. My reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this punishment, when I have degraded one species of men into bombs, squibs, and crackers, and another into drums, bass-viol, and bag-pipes; not to mention whole packs of delinquents whom I have shut up in kennels, and the new hospital which I am at present erecting, for the reception of those of my country-men who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of Moor-fields. I shall only observe upon this particular, that since some late surveys I have taken of this island, I shall think it necessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor Cato the elder stood for the censorship of Rome, there were several other competitors who offered themselves; and to get an interest among the people, gave them great promises of the mild and gentle treatment which they would use towards them in that office. Cato on the contrary told them, he presented himself as a candidate, because he knew the age was sunk in immorality and corruption; and that if they would give him their votes he would promise them to make use of such a strictness and severity of discipline as should recover them out of it. The Roman historians, upon this

On this occasion, very much celebrated the public-spiritedness of that people, who chose Cato for their Censor, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure extol my own country-men upon the same account, who, without any respect to party, or any application from myself, have made such generous subscriptions for the Censor of Great Britain, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I esteem more than I would any post in Europe of an hundred times the value. I shall only add, that upon looking into my catalogue of subscribers, which I intend to print alphabetically in the front of my lucubrations, I find the names of the greatest beauties and wits in the whole island of Great Britain, which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the subscription in a very short time.



No. 163. THURSDAY, April 25. 1710.

*Idem inficeto est inficetior rure
 Simul poemata attigit : neque idem unquam
 Aequè est beatus, ac poema cum scribit :
 Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
 Nimirum idem omnes fallimur ; neque est quis-
 quam
 Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
 Possis ——— CATUL. de Suffeno, 20. 14.*

Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown when he attempts to write verses ; and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling : so much does he admire himself and his compositions. And indeed, this is the foible of every one of us ; for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other.

Will's Coffee-house, April 24.

I YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers ; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in

in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. Mr. Bickerstaffe, says he, I observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinencies there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never troubled my head about our armies, whether they win or lose, or in which part of the world they lie encamped. Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us till the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and

strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. You must understand, says Ned, that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who shewed me some verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it. Upon which he began to read as follows:

To Mira on her incomparable poem.

I.

*When dress'd in laurel wreathes you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.*

II.

*I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For ah! it wounds me like his dart.*

Why,

Why, says I, this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram, for so I thing your critics call it, as ever entered into the thought of a poet. Dear Mr. Bickerstaffe, says he, shaking me by the hand, every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress'd in laurel wreathes you shine.

This is, says he, when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses. To which I replied, I know your meaning: a metaphor! The same, said he, and went on:

And tune your soft melodious notes.

Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it. Truly, said I, I think it as good as the former.

mer. I am very glad to hear you say so, says he; but mind the next.

You seem a sister of the nine.

That is, says he, you seem a sister of the muses; for if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them. I remember it very well, said I; but pray proceed.

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

Phœbus, says he, was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaffe, shew a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; in petticoats..

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

Let us now, says I, enter upon the second stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.

I fancy when your song you sing.

It is very right, says he; but pray observe the
turn

turn of words in these two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, *Your song you sing* ; or, *you sing your song*. You shall hear them both :

*I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art.)*

O R,

*I fancy, when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art.)*

Truly, said I, the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it. Dear Sir, said he, grasping me by the hand, you have a great deal of patience ; but what do you think of the next verse ?

Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing.

Think ! says I ; I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose. That was my meaning, says he ; I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

For ah ! it wounds me like his dart.

Pray

Pray how do you like that Ah! Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? Ah! It looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out as pricked with it.

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

My friend Dick Easy, continued he, assured me, he would rather have written that Ah! than to have been the author of the Aeneid. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that——Oh! as to that, says I, it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing. He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.



No. 165. SATURDAY, *April 29. 1710.*

From my own apartment, April 28.

IT has always been my endeavour to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate true merit from the pretence to it. As it ever shall be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false colours and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretences of the learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of sense, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge like a hidden treasure with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry indeed in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it, that attracts the eyes of the common people, breaks out in noise and show, and finds its rewards not from

from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a critic. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer, and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as unity, stile, fire, flegm, easy, natural, turn, sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye, and dogmatical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is known at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing

thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Title puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity, and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convulsions, which Sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago I was engaged at a friend's house of mine in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when in the height of our mirth, Sir Thomas, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in among us puffing and blowing, as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down, without any further ceremony. I asked him, where he had been? Whether he was out of order? He only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry, *A wicked rogue—An execrable wretch—was there ever such a monster*—The young ladies upon this began to be affronted, and asked, whether any one had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself *To lay the first scene*, says he, *in St. James's park, and the last in Northamptonshire!* Is that all? says I: then I suppose

pose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning. Been! says he; I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, every where; the rogue has led me such a dance—Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was not worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary. In short, Sir, says he, the author has not observed a single unity in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs. I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humour. For my part, says she, I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them. How, madam! says he, is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste. It is a pretty kind of magic, say she, the poets have to transport the audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses. I could travel round the world at such a rate. It is such an entertainment as an enchantress finds, when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred.

stirred out of her cottage. Your simile, madam, says Sir Timothy, is by no means just. Pray, says she, let my similes pass without a criticism. I must confess, continued she, for I found she was resolved to exasperate him, I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with. But, madam, says he, you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to show me a single rule that you could laugh by. Ought not to laugh! says she, pray who should hinder me? Madam, says he, there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth. I have heard, says the young lady, that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I must confess, continued she, I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy, than I do in a deep tragedy. Madam, says Sir Timothy, that is not my fault, they should learn the art of writing. For my part, says the young lady, I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedy is to please. To please! says Sir Timothy; and immediately fell a laughing. Truly, says she, that is my opinion. Upon this, he composed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear

I hear that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the satisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of surprize, how this gentleman by his ill-nature, folly and affectation, hath made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.



No. 192. SATURDAY, July 1. 1710.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HOR. Od. 9. lib. 3. ver. ult.

————— Gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

FRANCIS.

From my own apartment, June 30.

SOME years since I was engaged with a coach full of friends to take a journey as far as the Land's-end. We were very well pleased with one another the first day, every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humour and complaisance to the rest of the company.

This

This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was sowed the very first evening by a plate of butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This however was but my own private guess, for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when of a sudden Mr. Sprightly fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless drowzy behaviour, till we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter I was taken with an unaccountable fit of sullenness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me The old Gentleman, I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good-humour to the Land's end.

There was another coach that went along with

us,

us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities: for when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice, that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; till at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken? Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good till thirty, others till forty; while some few, whose souls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey, in a continual intercourse of kind offices and mutual endearments.

When we therefore chuse our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be

be

be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in ourselves and others, which are indispensably necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are chearfulness and constancy. A chearful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions, and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have

have their dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness and misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a story that is very well known in the north of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who, seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife, than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her, that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great piece

of

of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust, grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the husband, whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself, that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? in short, without constancy, there is neither love, friendship, or virtue in the world.



No. 216. SATURDAY, *August* 26. 1710.

—— *Nugis addere pondus.*

HOR. Ep. 19. lib. 1. ver. 42.

Weight and importance some to trifles give.

R. WYNNE.

From my own apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of wonders ; every atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe the generation of a mite, in all its circumstances.

They

They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know a horse from an ox; but at the same time will tell you, with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a snail an hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical philosophers who has set a greater value upon a collection of spiders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and had sold his coat off his back to purchase a tarantula.

I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us serious upon trifles, by which means they expose philosophy to the ridicule of the witty, and the contempt of the ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the diversions, relaxations and amusements, not the care, business, and concern of life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of learned men who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their chests and cabinets such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their treasure, without a kind of an a-

pology for it. I have been shewed a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at an hundred : but we must take this as a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eyes of a virtuoso.

To shew this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural rarities and curiosities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends in the following words :

The will of a virtuoso.

I Nicholas Gimcrack being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this my last will and testament bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following :

Imprimis, To my dear wife,
 One box of butterflies,
 One drawer of shells,
 A female skeleton,
 A dried cockatrice.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth,
 My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars.
 As also my preparation of winter May dew
 And embrio pickle.

Item

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,
Three crocodile's eggs.

And upon the birth of her first child, if she
marries with her mother's consent,
The nest of an humming-bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknow-
ledgment for the lands he hath vested in my son
Charles, I bequeath
My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Sufanna, being his only
child, I bequeath my
English weeds pasted on royal paper.
With my large Folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Dr.
Johannes Elserickius, professor in anatomy, and
my associate in the studies of nature, as an eter-
nal monument of my affection and friendship
for him, I bequeath
My rat's testicles, and
Whale's pizzle,

To him and his issue male; and in default
of such issue in the said Dr. Elserickius, then to
return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac,
by making over to him some years since,

A horned Scarabæus,
The skin of a rattle-snake, and
The mummy of an Egyptian king,

I make no further provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son John having spoken disrespectfully of his little sister whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle shell.

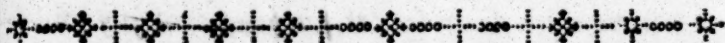
To my second son Charles I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified: as also all my monsters, both wet and dry, making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Whereas an ignorant upstart in astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28th of March, 1708; These are to certify to all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge
was

was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.



No. 218. THURSDAY, *August 30.* 1710.

*Scriptorum Chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit
urbes. HOR. Ep. 2. lib. 2. ver. 77.*

The tribe of writers, to a man, admire
The peaceful grove, and from the town retire.

FRANCIS.

From my own apartment, August 29.

I CHANCED to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays, I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets and bushes that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay

upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton :

*As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages, and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.*

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors, receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who
seemed

seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the name of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprized to hear one say, that he valued the Black Prince more than the duke of Vendosme. How the duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince's, I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, that if the emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, That though the season was so changeable, the duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as the prince of Hesse, and the king of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the crown of France was very weak, but that the mareschal Villars still kept his colours. At last one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would shew them

a chimney-sweeper and a painted lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower which had driven them, as well as myself, into the house, was now over: and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, If I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while, for that he believed he could shew me such a blow of tulips as was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator as so many beautiful objects, varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tincture. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations,

rations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest that I ever saw; upon which they told me, it was a common fool's coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of fool's coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers, for that I was so unskilful in the art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The gentleman smiled at my ignorance: he seemed a very plain honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which Hippocrates calls the Tulippo-Mania, *Τυλίππουμανία*; insomuch that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip.

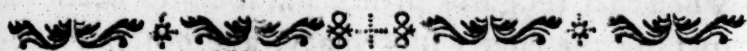
He told me, that he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty

D 6 yards

yards in length, and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England; and added, that it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking an handful of tulip roots for an heap of onions, and by that means, says he, made me a dish of pottage, that cost me above 1000 l. sterling. He then shewed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in spring-time as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders and parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, or scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of providence, which has
made

made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and common.



No. 220. TUESDAY, September 5. 1710.

*Insani sanus nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.*
HOR. Ep. 6. lib. 1. ver. 15.

Ev'n virtue, when pursu'd with warmth extreme,
Turns into vice, and fools the sage's fame.
FRANCIS.

From my own apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the political barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my ecclesiastical thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in church, as the former does of those in state, and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The church-thermometer, which I am now
to

to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the reign of Henry the eighth, about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument, till it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other, who was some time vicar of Bray. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age; and after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy either burnt or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died vicar of Bray. As this glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the reformation, it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, viz. *Extreme hot, Sultry hot, Very hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard frost, Great frost, Extreme cold.*

It is well known, that Torricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment in a long tube which held thirty-two foot of water; and that a more modern virtuoso finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many

ny foot of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the tube and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the sun was in conjunction with Saturn. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two very different liquors: one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water on the contrary is of such a subtle piercing cold, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink through almost every thing that it is put into, and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or, as the Oxford manuscript has it, in the scull of an ass. The thermometer is marked according to the following figure, which I set down at length,

length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my paper.

Ignorance.

Persecution.

Wrath.

Zeal.

CHURCH.

Moderation.

Lukewarmness.

Infidelity.

Ignorance.

The reader will observe that the church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between Zeal and Moderation, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good Englishman wishes her who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is not amiss; and when it sinks to Moderation, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend, insomuch that it is apt to climb from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the glass; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness,

warmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed it is almost incredible to conceive how the glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying Popery; or on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude, as it sometimes happens, cry out in the same breath, *the Church is in danger*.

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several coffee-houses, and other places of resort about this great city. At St. James's coffee-house, the liquor stood at Moderation; but at Wills's to my extreme surprize, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the glass. At the Grecian it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow it still ascended two degrees: Child's fetched it up to Zeal, and other adjacent coffee-houses to Wrath.

It fell into the lower half of the glass as I went further into the city, till at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I stayed about the Change, as also whilst I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice,

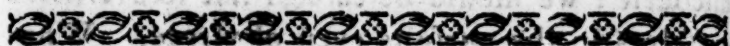
notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my glass to rise at the same time that the stocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the occult sciences, to make a progress with my glass through the whole island of Great Britain; and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed before-hand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had, time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury, near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glass is true to this day as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author: and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations and boroughs in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my thermometer: but this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing elections.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse.

discourse : we should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether Zeal or Moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But alas ! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High Church and Low Church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party: They are like words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original signification, but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess, I have considered with some little attention the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice ; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.



No. 224. THURSDAY, September 14. 1710.

Materiam superabat opus. ———

OVID. Met. lib. 2. ver. 5.

The matter equall'd not the artist's skill.

R. WYNNE.

From my own apartment, September 13.

IT is my custom in a dearth of news, to entertain myself with those collections of advertisements that appear at the end of all our public prints. These I consider as accounts of news from the little world, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a sovereign prince is fled from his capital city, in the other we hear of a tradesman who hath shut up his shop, and run away. If in one we find the victory of a general, in the other we see the desertion of a private foldier. I must confess, I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy advertisement.

But

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous lights, advertisements are of great use to the vulgar: first of all, as they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may easily creep into the advertisements; by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running-footman with an ambassador. An advertisement from Picadilly goes down to posterity, with an article from Madrid; and John Bartlett of Good-man's Fleids is celebrated in the same paper with the emperor of Germany. Thus the fable tells us, that the wren mounted as high as the eagle, by getting upon his back.

A second use which this sort of writings have been turned to in late years, has been the management of controversy, insomuch that above half the advertisements one meets with now-a-days are purely polemical. The inventors of Straps for Razors have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the case of the Morning Gowns is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several proprietors of Dr. Anderson's pills; nor take notice of the many satirical works of this nature so frequently published by Dr. Clark, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that learned knight, my very worthy

worthy friend, Sir William Read: But I shall not interpose in their quarrel; Sir William can give him his own in advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the doctor's.

The third and last use of these writings is, to inform the world where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has pains in his head, cholics in his bowels, or spots in his clothes, he may here meet with proper cures and remedies. If a man would recover a wife or a horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new sermons, electuaries, asses milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The great art in writing advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye, without which a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankruptcy. Asterisks and hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years, the *N. B.* has been much in fashion; as also little cuts and figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the author of spring truffles. I must not here omit the blind Italian character, which being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

But

But the great skill in an advertiser is chiefly seen in the stile which he makes use of. He is to mention *the universal esteem, or general reputation*, of things that were never heard of. If he is a physician or astrologer, he must change his lodgings frequently, and (though he never saw any body in them besides his own family) give public notice of it, *For the information of the nobility and gentry*. Since I am thus usefully employed in writing criticisms on the works of these diminutive authors, I must not pass over in silence an advertisement which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in the Ciceronian manner. It was sent to me, with five shillings, to be inserted among my advertisements; but as it is a pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

THE highest compound spirit of lavender, the most glorious, if the expression may be used, enlivening scent and flavour that can possibly be, which so raptures the spirits, delights the gust, and gives such airs to their countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest sort of the thing is admired by most gentlemen and ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common esteem. It is sold (in neat flint bottles fit for the pocket) only at the Goldenkey

key in Wharton's-court near Holborn-bars, for 3 s. 6 d. with directions.

At the same time that I recommend the several flowers in which this spirit of lavender is wrapped up, if the expression may be used, I cannot excuse my fellow-labourers for admitting into their papers several uncleanly advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite writers. Among these I must reckon the Carminitive Wind-expelling pills. If the doctor had called them his carminitive pills, he had done as clearly as any one could have wished; but the second word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There are other absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this subject, with a public admonition to Michael Parrot, that he do not presume any more to mention a certain worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown seven foot in my memory; for, if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine foot long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of advertisements is a kind of miscellany; the writers of which, contrary to all authors, except men of quality, give money to the booksellers who publish their copies. The genius of the booksellers is chiefly

ly shewn in his method of ranging and digesting their little tracts. The last paper I took up in my hands, places them in the following order.

The true Spanish blacking for shoes, *etc.*

The beautifying cream for the face, *etc.*

Pease and plaisters, *etc.*

Nectar and ambrosia, *etc.*

Four freehold tenements of 15 l. per annum, *etc.*

* * * The present state of England, *etc.*

† † † Annotations upon the Tatler, *etc.*

A commission of bankrupt being awarded against B. L. Bookseller, *etc.*



No. 226. SATURDAY, September 19. 1710.

— *Juvenis quondam, nunc Fœmina Cæneus,
Rursus et in veterem sato revoluta figuram.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. ver. 448.

Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the sex she first began.

DRYDEN.

From my own apartment, September 18.

IT is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman, as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which has wrought into the body of his history. The life I am putting out, is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Dr. Young, who, as the town very well knows, was a woman that practised physic in man's clothes, and after having had two

wives

wives and several children, died about a month since.

S I R,

" I HERE make bold to trouble you with a
 " short account of the famous doctor Young's
 " life, which you may call, if you please, a se-
 " cond part of the farce of the Sham Doctor.
 " This perhaps will not seem so strange to you,
 " who, if I am not mistaken, have some where
 " mentioned with honour your sister Kirleus,
 " as a practitioner both in physic and astrology :
 " but in the common opinion of mankind, a
 " She-quack is altogether as strange and astonish-
 " ing a creature as a centaur that practised phy-
 " sic in the days of Achilles, or as king Phys
 " in the Rehearsal. Aesculapius, the great
 " founder of your art, was particularly famous
 " for his beard, as we may conclude from the
 " behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by
 " heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege
 " and blasphemy, having robbed the statue of
 " Aesculapius of a thick bushy golden beard,
 " and then alledged for his excuse, *That it was*
 " *a shame that the son should have a beard when*
 " *his father Apollo had none.* This latter in-
 " stance indeed seems something to favour a fe-
 " male professor, since, as I have been told, the
 " antient statues of Apollo are generally made
 " with the head and face of a woman : nay I

" have been credibly informed by those who
 " have seen them both, that the famous Apollo
 " in the Belvidera did very much resemble Dr
 " Young. Let that be as it will, the doctor was
 " a kind of Amazon in physic, that made as great
 " devastations and slaughters as any of our
 " chief heroes in the art, and was as fatal to
 " the English in these our days, as the fa-
 " mous Joan d'Arc was in those of our fore-
 " fathers.

" I do not find any thing remarkable in the
 " life I am about to write till the year 1695, at
 " which time the doctor being about twenty-
 " three years old, was brought to bed of a bas-
 " tard child. The scandal of such a misfortune
 " gave so great uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy
 " (for that was the name by which the doctor
 " was then called) that she left her family, and
 " followed her lover to London, with a fixed
 " resolution some way or other to recover her
 " lost reputation; but instead of changing her
 " life, which one would have expected from so
 " good a disposition of mind, she took it in her
 " head to change her sex. This was soon done
 " by the help of a sword, and a pair of bree-
 " ches. I have reason to believe, that her first
 " design was to turn man-mid-wife, having her-
 " self had some experience in those affairs: but
 " thinking this too narrow a foundation for her
 " future fortune, she at length bought her a gold
 " button

" button coat, and set up for a physician. Thus
 " we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth
 " made Mrs. Young a doctor, that formerly
 " made one of the same sex a pope.

" The doctor succeeded very well in his bu-
 " siness at first, but very often met with acci-
 " dents that disquieted him. As he wanted
 " that deep magisterial voice, which gives au-
 " thority to a prescription, and is absolutely ne-
 " cessary for the right pronouncing of those
 " words, *Take these pills*, he unfortunately got
 " the nick name of the Squeaking Doctor. If
 " this circumstance alarmed the Doctor, there
 " was another that gave him no small disquiet,
 " and very much diminished his gains. In short,
 " he found himself run down as a superficial
 " prating quack, in all families that had at the
 " head of them a cautious father, or a jealous
 " husband. These would often complain a-
 " mong one another, that they did not like such
 " a smock-faced physician; though in truth
 " had they known how just he deserved that
 " name, they would rather have favoured his
 " practice, than have apprehended any thing
 " from it.

" Such were the motives that determined
 " Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take
 " in marriage a virtuous young woman, who liv-
 " ed with her in good reputation, and made her
 " the father of a very pretty girl. But this part

" of her happiness was soon after destroyed by a
 " distemper which was too hard for our physi-
 " cian, and carried off his wife. The doctor
 " had not been a widow long, before he marri-
 " ed his second lady, with whom also he lived in
 " a good understanding. It so happened that
 " the doctor was with child at the same time
 " that his lady was; but the little ones coming
 " both together, they passed for twins. The
 " doctor having entirely established the reputa-
 " tion of his manhood, especially by the birth
 " of the boy of whom he had been lately deli-
 " vered, and who very much resembles him,
 " grew into good business, and was particular-
 " ly famous for the cure of venereal distempers;
 " but would have had much more practice among
 " his own sex, had not some of them been so un-
 " reasonable as to demand certain proofs of their
 " cure, which the doctor was not able to give
 " them. The florid blooming look, which gave
 " the doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of
 " betraying his person, only recommended his
 " physic. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear
 " mentioning what I thought a very agreeable
 " surprize in one of Moliere's plays, where a
 " young woman applies herself to a sick person
 " in the habit of a quack, and speaks to her pa-
 " tient who was something scandalized at the
 " youth of his physician, to the following pur-
 " pose——*I began to practise in the reign of*
 " Francis

" Francis I. and am now in the hundred and fifti-
 " eth year of my age; but by the virtue of my me-
 " dicaments, have maintained myself in the same
 " beauty and freshness I had at fifteen. For this
 " reason Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that
 " a student in physic should have a sound con-
 " stitution, and a healthy look; which indeed
 " seems as necessary qualifications for a physician,
 " as a good life, and virtuous behaviour for a di-
 " vine. But to return to our subject. About
 " two years ago the doctor was very much af-
 " flicted with the vapours, which grew upon
 " him to such a degree, that about six weeks
 " since they made an end of him. His death
 " discovered the disguise he had acted under,
 " and brought him back again to his former sex.
 " It is said, that at his burial the pall was held
 " up by six women of some fashion. The doc-
 " tor left behind him a widow and two father-
 " less children, if they may be called so, besides
 " the little boy before mentioned. In relation
 " to whom we may say of the doctor, as the good
 " old ballad, about *the children in the wood*, says
 " of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and
 " mother both in one. These are all the cir-
 " cumstances that I could learn of doctor
 " Young's life, which might have given occasi-
 " on to many obscene fictions: but as I know
 " those would never have gained a place in your
 " paper, I have not troubled you with any im-

"pertinence of that nature; have stuck to the
 "truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I
 "subscribe myself,

S I R, yours, &c.

I shall add, as a postscript to this letter, that I am informed, the famous Saltero, who sells coffee in his museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity which helped the doctor to carry on his imposture, and will give satisfaction to the curious inquirer.



No. 229. TUESDAY, September 26. 1710.

Quæsitam meritis fume superbiam.

HOR. Od. 30. lib. 3. ver. 13.

With conscious pride——

Assume the honours justly thine. FRANCIS.

From my own apartment, September 25.

THE whole creation preys upon itself: every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that tease him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary microscope shews us, that a louse is itself a very lousy creature.

ture. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about it a whole world of inhabitants; inasmuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus every nobler creature is as it were the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean the small wits and scribblers that every day turn a penny by nibbling at my lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my statue erected in Grub-street, as being a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a fox is very much troubled with fleas, he goes into the next pool, with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water till the vermin get into it, after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these gentlemen take care that I do not serve them af-

ter the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disappear and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the hawkers, printers, booksellers and authors! it would be like Dr. B—s's dropping his cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty antagonists, I was threatened to be answered weekly Tit for Tat: I was undermined by the Whisperer, haunted by Tom Brown's Ghost, scolded at by a Female Tatler, and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of Atalantis. I have been *annotated, retattled, examined, and condoled*: but it being my standing maxim, never to speak ill of the dead; I shall let these authors rest in peace, and take great pleasure in thinking that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see myself so surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the knight of the Red Cross in Spenser's Den of Error, who, after he has cut off the dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of ink, sees a thousand monstrous reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The

*The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That well nigh choked with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
Whose courage when the fiend perceiv'd to
shrink,*

*She poured forth out of her hellish sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink;
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him emcombred sore, but could not hurt
at all.*

*As gentle shepherd in sweet even tide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welk in west,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
A cloud of combrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He blusbeth oft, and oft doth mar their mur-
muring.*

If ever I should want such a fry of little authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats it; or like a great man's equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not consider my antagonists as mali-

cious, but hungry, and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours without being prompted to it by an empty stomach, in return to their censures I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an old man and a moralist, with a fable:

The owls, bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbours in a very sociable manner. This satire at last fell upon the sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that you know could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every mother's son of you: but the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to *shine on*.

No,

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

No. 239. THURSDAY, October 19. 1710.

——— *Mecum certasse feretur?*

OVID Met. lib. 13. ver. 20.

Shall he contend with me to get a name?

R. WYNNE.

From my own apartment, October 18.

IT is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest orator of his age and country before he wrote a book *De Oratore*; and Horace the greatest poet before he published his *Art of Poetry*. The observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last mentioned author, where he will find the criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.

A modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly paper sell, was born a critic and an examiner, and, like one of the race of the serpent's teeth, came into the world

world with a sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of a German monk, who was taking a catalogue of a friend's library, and meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of, *A book that has the beginning where the end should be.* The author, in the last of his crudities, has amassed together a heap of quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modester men than myself, and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that Isaac Bickerstaffe was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have over-looked it; but to see Cicero abused, is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes upon this great man runs thus: 'The itch of being very abusive, is almost inseparable from vain-glory. Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for them.' The scurrilous wretch goes on to say I am as bad as Tully. His words are these; 'and yet the Tatler, in his paper of September 20th, has outdone him in both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more insolence of others.' I am afraid, by his discourse, this gentleman has no more read Plutarch than he has Tully. If he had, he would have observed

observed a passage in that historian, wherein he has with great delicacy distinguished between two passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word, as I find it translated to my hand. “ Nevertheless, though he was in-
 “ temperately fond of his own praise, yet he was
 “ very free from envying others, and most libe-
 “ rally profuse in commending both the ancients
 “ and his contemporaries, as is to be understood
 “ by his writings; and many of those sayings
 “ are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle,
 “ that he was a river of flowing gold: of Plato’s
 “ dialogue, that if Jupiter were to speak, he
 “ would discourse as he did. Theophrastus he
 “ was wont to call his peculiar delight; and be-
 “ ing asked, which of Demosthenes’s orations
 “ he liked best? He answered, the longest.

“ And as for eminent men of his own time,
 “ either for eloquence or philosophy, there was
 “ not one of them whom he did not, by writing
 “ or speaking favourably of, render more illustri-
 “ ous.”

Thus the critic tells us, That Cicero was ex-
 cessively vain-glorious and abusive; Plutarch, that
 he was vain, but not abusive. Let the reader be-
 lieve which of them he pleases.

After this he complains to the world, that I
 call

call him names; and that in my passion I said, He was a Flea, a Louse, an Owl, a Bat, a small Wit, a Scribler, and a Nibler. When he has thus bespoken his reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of raillery, and written in great gaiety of heart. "After this list of names," (*viz.* Flea, Louse, Owl, Bat, *etc.*) "I was surpris'd to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper! I suppose as he is now very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humoured." If I can outlive this raillery, I shall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of criticism made use of by this author, (for I shall take care how I call him a scribler again) which may turn into ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts: this the reader will observe in the following words; *He*, meaning me, "is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his similes, as a brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself to a fox, to Daniel Burges, to the knight of the red cross, to an oak with ivy about it, and to a great man with an equipage." I think

think myself as much honoured by being joined in this part of his paper with the gentleman whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten papers without stealing from himself; but to shew you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the author is got into a certain road of criticism, I shall set down his remarks on the works of the gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they stand in his 6th paper, and desire the reader to compare them with the foregoing passage upon me.

“ In thirty lines his patron is a river, the Pri-
 “ mum Mobile, a pilot, a victim, the fun, any
 “ thing, and nothing. He bestows increase, con-
 “ ceals his source, makes the machine move,
 “ teaches to steer, expiates our offences, raises
 “ vapours, and looks larger as he sets.”

What poem can be safe from this sort of criticism? I think I was never in my life so much offended as at a wag whom I once met with in a coffee-house: he had in his hand one of the miscellanies, and was reading the following short copy of verses, which without flattery to the author, is, I think, as beautiful in its kind as any one in the English tongue.

Flavia

*Flavia the least and slightest toy,
Can with resistless art employ.
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love ;
But she with such an air and mein,
Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow :
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame.*

When this coxcomb had done reading them, hey-day ! says he, what instrument is this that Flavia employs in such a manner as is not to be told, or safely seen ? In ten lines it is a toy, a Cupid's bow, a fan, and an engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.

Such criticisms make a man of sense sick, and a fool merry.

The next paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon some body whom I am at a loss to guess at : but I find the whole invective turns upon a man who, it seems, has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him ; but at the same time must put the Examiner in mind, that notwithstanding he is a critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject of
ridicule ;

ridicule ; and I do not remember that I ever met with a satire upon a beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions, of *being dull by design, witty in October, shining, excelling*, and so forth ; they are the common cavils of every witling who has no other method of shewing his parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very essence, is like Ovid's echo :

— *Quæ nec reticere loquenti,
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit.* —

OVID. Met. lib. 3. ver. 357.

She who in other words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.

ADDISON.

I should not have deserved the character of a Cenfor, had I not animadverted upon the above-mentioned author by a gentle chastisement : But I know my reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that nothing of this nature for the future, unless it be written with some wit, shall divert me from my care of the public,



No. 240. SATURDAY, *October 21. 1710.*

Ad populum phaleras.————

PERS. Sat. 3. ver. 30.

Such pageantry be to the people shown :
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own.

DRYDEN.

From my own apartment, October 20.

I DO not remember that in any of my lucubrations I have touched upon that useful science of physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of astrology with it, because I never knew a physician recommend himself to the public who had not a sister art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was the god of verse as well as physic; and in all ages the most celebrated practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the muses. Poetry to physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion.

The

The very foundation of poetry is good sense,
if we may allow Horace to be judge of the art.

Scribendi recte sapere est, et principium, et fons.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 309.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.
ROSCOMMON.

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary quacks and charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claim to some supernumerary accomplishments which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand of a doctor *who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female fern seed*. No body ever knew what this meant; but the green and red dragon so amused the people, that the doctor
lived

lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. 'This, to the best of my remembrance, was

T E T R A C H Y M A G O G O N,

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have no body but this learned man for their physician.

I once received an advertisement of one *who studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen*. He might have studied twice as long by day-light, and never have been taken notice of: but elucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the *seventh son of a seventh son*; and others by not being born at all, as the Unborn Doctor, who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients, having died worth five hundred pounds per annum, though he was not *born* to a half-penny.

My ingenious friend doctor Saffold succeeded my old contemporary doctor Lilly in the studies both of physic and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he
discri-

distributed. He was succeeded by doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follows :

*Within this place
Lives doctor Case.*

He is said to have got more by this distich, than Mr. Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and unaccountable artifices by which this tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crouds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage from one end to the other faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the doctor. Every great man with a sounding title has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physic to the Czar of Muscovy. The great duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the doctor draws upon him much good-will from his audience ; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who
has

has had so many princes, kings, and emperors under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by oratory, and are therefore without controversy the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am an humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is abstinence. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against the present distemper. In short, my *recipe* is, *Take nothing*.

Were the body politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe
a diet

a diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of abstinence, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular,

Abstine a fabis.

“ Abstain from beans.

That is, say the interpreters, meddle not with elections, beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates.



No. 243. SATURDAY, October 28. 1710.

*Infert se septis nebula, mirabile dictu
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.*
VIRG. *Æn.* 1. ver. 443.

Conceal'd in clouds, prodigious to relate!
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
————— and pass'd unseen along.
DRYDEN.

From my own apartment, October 27.

I HAVE somewhere made mention of Gyges's ring, and intimated to my reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The tradition concerning this ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of morality. This Gyges was the master shepherd to king Candaules. As he was wandering over the plains of Lydia, he saw a great chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter in. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the statue of an horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening of them,

them, he found the body of a dead man bigger than ordinary, with a ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for upon his going into the assembly of shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this tradition; but it is impossible for an adept to be understood by one who is not an adept.

As for myself, I have with much study and application arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or to speak in Rosycrucian lore, I have entered into the clefts of the earth, discovered the brazen horse, and robbed the dead giant of his ring. The tradition says further of Gyges, that by the means of this ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became king of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this ring to no other advantage than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations

upon the errors of others as may be useful to the public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up and put on my magical ring, and with a thought transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a flattern. Her head-dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle, that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her clothes together to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bed-side, when, to my great surprize, after a little muttering, she cried out, *What do you do, let my petticoat alone.* I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who (to use Shakespear's expression) are *so loose of thought*, that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this female rake, and went into her neighbour's where there lay a male-coquet. He had a bottle of salts hanging over his head, and upon the table, by his bed-side, *Suckling's* poems, with a little heap of black patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair: but while

was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang, that was accompanied by a sudden oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but upon looking nearer, I saw the head dress of the person who spoke, which shewed her to be a female with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a curtain lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence, but observed, that most of those whom I found awake, were kept so either by envy or by love. Some of these were sighing, and others cursing, in soliloquy; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

The covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His physician and his wife were in close whisper near his bed side. I overheard the doctor say to the gen-

tlewoman, He cannot possibly live till five in the morning. She received it like the mistress of a family prepared for all events. At the same instant came in a servant maid, who said, *Madam, The undertaker is below according to your order.* The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice, Pray, doctor, how went bank stock to-day at *Change*? This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting myself further this way; but as I was going home, I saw a light in a garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, And, Hand, Stand, Band, Fann'd, Tann'd. I concluded him by this and the furniture of his room to be a lunatic; but upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a poet, writing an heroic upon the ensuing peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when spirits, witches, and conjurers are obliged to retire to their own apartments; and feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something magisterial in the aspect of the Bickerstaffes, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking, that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to
marry

marry the finest lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would she, that should have it, make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town! But instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend the author of the Atalantis, to furnish a new Secret History of Secret Memoirs.



No. 249. SATURDAY, November 11. 1710.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus.*—————

VIRG. *Æn.* I. ver. 208.

Through various hazards, and events, we move.
DRYDEN.

From my own apartment, November 10.

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox, That it

required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of business. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, I desy, says he, any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny-piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life.

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his life and adventures :

I was born, says he, on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British mode, with the face of queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination

on

on to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality, who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with an hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had

the satisfaction to treat a Templar at the twelve-penny ordinary, or carry him with three friends to Westminster-Hall.

In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, That while she kept a queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money. I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for being of a very tempting breadth, a serjeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the parliament.

As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, till my officer, chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her sweet-heart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of, *To my love and from my love.*
This

This generous gallant, marrying her within few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with an hammer, and again set a running.

After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spend-thrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will: but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier, that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was

rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin ; for which reason a gamester laid hold on me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an artist who conveyed us under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of sheers cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shewn my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and

(as

(as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me, The splendid Shilling. The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings.



No. 250. TUESDAY, November 14. 1710.

*Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ*—————

PERS. Sat. 4. ver. 10.

Know'st thou, with equal hand, to hold the
scale ? DRYDEN.

From my own apartment, November 13.

I LAST winter erected a court of justice for the correcting of several enormities in dress and behaviour; which are not cognizable in any other courts of this realm. The vintner's case, which I there tried, is still fresh in every man's memory. That of the petticoat gave also a general satisfaction, not to mention the more important points of the cane and perspective; in which, if I did not give judgments and decrees according to the strictest rules of equity and justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my understanding. But as for the proceedings of that court, I shall refer my reader to an account of them, written by my secretary, which is now in

in the press, and will shortly be published under the title of, *Lillie's Reports*.

As I last year presided over a court of justice, it is my intention this year to set myself at the head of a court of honour. There is no court of this nature any where at present, except in France, where, according to the best of my intelligence, it consists of such only as are marshals of that kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable board at present who has not been driven out of the field by the duke of Marlborough: but whether this be only an accidental or a necessary qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

As for the court of honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit myself in it as president, with several men of honour on my right hand, and women of virtue on my left, as my assistants. The first place of the bench I have given to an old Tangereen captain with a wooden leg. The second is a gentleman of a long twisted periwig without a curl in it, a muff with very little hair upon it, and a thread-bare coat with new buttons, being a person of great worth, and second brother to a man of quality. The third is a gentleman usher, extremely well read in romances, and grandson to one of the greatest wits in Germany, who was some time master of the ceremonies to the duke of Wolfenbuttel.

As

As for those who sit further on my right hand, as it is usual in public courts, they are such as will fill up the number of faces upon the bench, and serve rather for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left hand are, an old maiden lady, that preserves some of the best blood of England in her veins.

A Welsh woman of a little stature, but high spirit.

An old prude that has censured every marriage for these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young rake.

Having thus furnished my bench, I shall establish correspondencies with the horse-guards, and the veterans of Chelsea-College; the former to furnish me with twelve men of honour as often as I shall have occasion for a grand jury, and the latter with as many good men and true for a petty jury.

As for the women of virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about mid-night at crimp and basset.

Having given this public notice of my court, I must further add, that I intend to open it on this day seven-night, being Monday the twentieth instant; and do hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redressed by the common laws of this land, whether they be short bows, cold salutations, supercilious looks, unreturned smiles, distant behaviour,

viour, or forced familiarity; as also all such as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous expression, accidental juggle, or unkind repartee; likewise all such as have been defrauded of their right to the wall, tricked out of the upper end of the table, or have been suffered to place themselves in their own wrong on the back-seat of the coach: These, and all of these, I do, as is above-said, invite to bring in their several cases and complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very sensible, that the office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points that daily perplex the youth of the British nation, and therefore I have already discussed several of them for my future use; as, How far a man may brandish his cane in the telling a story, without insulting his hearer? What degree of contradiction amounts to the lie? How a man should resent another's staring and cocking a hat in his face? If asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes? Whether a man may put up a box on the ear received from a stranger in the dark? Or, Whether a man of honour may take a blow of his wife? with several other subtilties of the like nature.

For my direction in the duties of my office, I have furnished myself with a certain astrological pair of scales which I have contrived for this purpose.

pose. In one of them I lay the injuries, in the other the reparations. The first are represented by little weights made of a metal resembling iron, and the other in gold. They are not only lighter than the weights made use of in avoirdupois, but also than such as are used in troy-weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries, amount to but a scruple; and decrease by so many subdivisions, that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be seen without the help of a very fine microscope. I might acquaint my reader, that these scales were made under the influence of the sun when he was in libra, and describe many signatures on the weights both of injury and reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own art than any care for the public, I shall pass it over in silence.

No.



No. 253. TUESDAY, November 21. 1710.

*Pletate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant.*

VIRG. Æn. 1. ver. 155.

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear.

DRYDEN.

From my own apartment, November 21.

Extract of the Journal of the Court of Honour,
1710.

*Die Lunæ vicesimo Novembris, hora nona Ante-
meridiana.*

THE court being sat, an oath prepared by the censor was administered to the assistants on his right hand, who were all sworn upon their honour. The women on his left hand took the same oath upon their reputation. Twelve gentlemen of the horse-guards were impannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Truncheon, who is their right-hand man in the troop, for their foreman in the jury. Mr. Truncheon immediately

immediately drew his sword, and holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the censor. Mr. Bickerstaffe received it, and after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Bickerstaffe, after having received the compliments on his right-hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects by a low curtsie, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their fore-woman was a professed Platonist, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his hat with great dignity; and after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, he gave the following charge, which was received with silence and attention,

tention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

“ The nature of my ~~ance~~ance, and the solemnity
“ of this occasion, requiring that I should open
“ my first session with a speech, I shall cast what
“ I have to say under two principal heads :

“ Upon the first, I shall endeavour to show
“ the necessity and usefulness of this new erected
“ court ; and under the second, I shall give a
“ word of advice and instruction to every con-
“ stituent part of it.

“ As for the first, it is well observed by Phæ-
“ drus an heathen poet,

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

“ Which is the same, ladies, as if I should say,
“ *It would be of no reputation for me to be presi-*
“ *dent of a court which is of no benefit to the pu-*
“ *blic.* Now the advantages that may arise to
“ the public weal from this institution will more
“ plainly appear if we consider what it suffers
“ for the want of it. Are not our streets daily
“ filled with wild pieces of justice and random
“ penalties? Are not crimes undetermined, and
“ reparations disproportioned? How often have
“ we seen the lie punished by death, and the
“ liar himself deciding his own cause ; nay, not
“ only acting the judge, but the executioner?
“ Have we not known a box on the ear more
“ severely

“severely accounted for than manslaughter? In
“these extrajudicial proceedings of mankind,
“an unmannerly jest is frequently as capital as
“a premeditated murder.

“But the most pernicious circumstance in
“this case is, that the man who suffers the in-
“jury must put himself upon the same foot of
“danger with him that gave it, before he can
“have his just revenge; so that the punishment
“is altogether accidental, and may fall as well
“upon the innocent as the guilty. I shall on-
“ly mention a case which happens frequently a-
“mong the more polite nations of the world,
“and which I the rather mention, because both
“sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore
“you gentlemen and you ladies of the jury will
“the rather take notice of; I mean that great
“and known case of cuckoldom. Supposing
“the person who has suffered insults in his dear-
“er and better half; supposing, I say, this per-
“son should resent the injuries done to his ten-
“der wife; what is the reparation he may ex-
“pect? Why, to be used worse than his poor
“lady, run through the body, and left breath-
“less upon the bed of honour. What then,
“will you on my right hand say, must the man
“do that is affronted? Must our sides be elbow-
“ed, our shins broken? Must the wall, or per-
“haps our mistress, be taken from us? May a
“man knit his forehead into a frown, toss up
“his

" his arm, or pish at what we say; and must
 " the villain live after it? Is there no redress
 " for injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that is
 " the design of the judicature we have here esta-
 " blished.

" A court of conscience, we very well know,
 " was first instituted for the determining of se-
 " veral points of property, that were too little
 " and trivial for the cognizance of higher courts
 " of justice. In the same manner, our court of
 " honour is appointed for the examination of se-
 " veral niceties and punctilios that do not pass
 " for wrongs in the eye of our common laws.
 " But notwithstanding no legislators of any na-
 " tion have taken into consideration these little
 " circumstances, they are such as often lead to
 " crimes big enough for their inspection, though
 " they come before them too late for their re-
 " dress.

" Besides, I appeal to you, ladies, [*Here Mr.
 " Bickerstaffe turned to his left hand*] if these
 " are not the little stings and thorns in life that
 " make it more uneasy than its most substantial
 " evils? Confess ingenuously, did you never
 " lose a morning's devotions, because you could
 " not offer them up from the highest place of
 " the pew? Have you not been in pain, even at
 " a ball, because another has been taken out
 " to dance before you? Do you love any of
 " your friends so much as those that are below
 " you?

“ you ? Or have you any favourites that walk on
“ your right hand ? You have answered me in
“ your looks, I ask no more.

“ I come now to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective members of the court, in which I shall be very brief.

“ As for you, gentlemen and ladies, my assistants and grand juries, I have made choice of you on my right hand, because I know you very much concerned for the reputation of others ; for which reason I expect great exactness and impartiality in your verdicts and judgments.

“ I must in the next place address myself to you, gentlemen of the council : You all know, that I have not chosen you for your knowledge in the litigious parts of the law, but because you have all of you formerly fought duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of benchers. My advice to you is, only that in your pleadings you are short and expressive : to which end you are to banish out of your discourses all synonymous terms, and unnecessary multiplications of verbs and nouns. I do moreover forbear you the use of the words *also* and *likewise* ; and must further declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle *or*, I

“ shall

No. 254. T A T L E R. 145

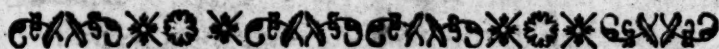
"shall incessantly order him to be stripped of
"his gown, and thrown over the bar.

This is a true copy,

Charles Lillie.

N. B. The sequel of the proceedings of this
day will be published on Tuesday next.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.



No. 254. THURSDAY, November 23. 1710.

Splendide mendax.———

HOR. Od. II. lib. 3. ver. 35.

Gloriously false———

FRANCIS.

From my own apartment, November 22.

THERE are no books which I more delight
in than in travels, especially those that
describe remote countries, and give the writer
an opportunity of shewing his parts without in-
curring any danger of being examined or con-
tradicted. Among all the authors of this kind,
our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville

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has

has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention, and greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John, I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground, and fairy land.

I have got into my hands by great chance several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public: and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think, the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of their curious pieces at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the au-

thor

thor of Hudibras alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

Like words congeal'd in northern air.

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language is as follows :

We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the encrease of the cold, the whole company grew dumb or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards

found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

— *Nec vox, nec verba, sequuntur.* OVID.

— Nor voice, nor words ensu'd.

R. WYNNE.

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were

were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprize, I heard somebody say, *Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.* This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed, to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprize we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken this opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strapado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on shipboard.

I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, Dear Kate! Pretty Mrs. Peggy! When shall I see my Sue again? this betrayed several amours which had been concealed till

that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done :

—*Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

OVID. Met. lib. 1. ver. 747.

And try'd his tongue, his silence softly broke.

DRYDEN.

At about half a mile's distance from our cabin, we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us ; but upon enquiry we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several

veral other unfavoury sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword ; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after ; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the French cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard at an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen ; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath ; but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a kite playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it ; upon which one of the company told me, that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued ; for, says he, finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to

night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, *et tuer le temps*.

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons, why the kite could be heard during the frost; but as they are something prolix, I pass over them in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.



No. 255. SATURDAY, November 25. 1710.

— *Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas, Apollinis infula texit.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 2. ver. 749.

Nor, Pantheus, thee thy mitre, nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.

DRYDEN.

From my own apartment, November 24.

To the censor of Great Britain.

S I R,

“ I AM at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any
“ one,

“ one, besides yourself, to redress. Whether
 “ or no you shall think it a proper case to come
 “ before your Court of Honour, I cannot tell;
 “ but thus it is: I am chaplain to an honour-
 “ able family, very regular at the hours of de-
 “ votion, and I hope of an unblameable life;
 “ but for not offering to rise at second course,
 “ I found my patron and his lady very sullen
 “ and out of humour, though at first I did not
 “ know the reason of it. At length, when I
 “ happened to help myself to a jelly, the lady of
 “ the house, otherwise a devout woman, told
 “ me, That it did not become a man of my
 “ cloth to delight in such frivolous food: but
 “ as I still continued to sit out the last course, I
 “ was yesterday informed by the butler, that
 “ his lordship had no further occasion for my
 “ service. All which is humbly submitted to
 “ your consideration, by,

S I R,

Your most humble servant, etc.

The case of this gentleman deserves pity, especially if he loves sweet-meats, to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discarding the holiest man from the table as soon as the most delicious parts of the

G 5 entertainment

entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth (as they call it) is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man of the most rigid virtue gives offence by any excesses in plumb-pudding or plumb-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plumbs are a very innocent diet, and conserves of a much colder nature than our common pickles. I have sometimes thought, that the ceremony of the chaplain's flying away from the dessert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or at least to signify, that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating: but most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the lay-masters of families, and not have disturbed other men's tables with such unseasonable examples of abstinence. The original therefore of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The chaplain retired out of pure complaisance

complaisance to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the dessert. This by degrees grew into a duty, till at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the tythe, or tenth dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the priest in old times to feast upon the sacrifice, nay the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion, or as the late Lord Rochester describes it in a lively manner,

And while the priest did eat, the people stared.

At present the custom is inverted; the laity feast, while the priest stands by as an humble spectator. This necessarily puts the good man upon making great ravages upon all the dishes that stand near him, and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask these stiff-necked patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a chaplain that, in his grace after meat, should return thanks for the whole entertainment, with an exception to the dessert? And yet I cannot but think that in such a proceeding

ceeding he would but deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman catholic priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the ladies, should he see a clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweet-meats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candied orange, or a piece of puff-paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese, or a breast of mutton? Yet to so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas pye, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated cate, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the druid of the family. Strange! that a sirloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with plumbs and sugar, changes its property, and forsooth, is meat for his master.

In this case I know not which to censure, the patron or the chaplain, the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependence. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the university upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds

minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. Oldham lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it.

*Some think themselves exalted to the sky,
If they light in some noble family :
Diet, a horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides th' advantage of his lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the state,
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know,
What slavery he oft must undergo :
Who though in silken scarf, and cassock dress,
Wears but a gayer livery at best.
When dinner calls, the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat.
But hold it for a secret seldom known,
If he be deign'd the honour to sit down.
Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Grape, withdraw,
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand :
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind voider comes for your relief.*

Let

*Let others who such meannesses can brook,
Strike countenance to ev'ry great man's look:
I rate my freedom higher.*

This author's raillery is the raillery of a friend, and does not turn the sacred order into ridicule, but is a just censure on such persons as take the advantage from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.



No. 256. TUESDAY, November 28. 1710.

— *Nostrum est tantas componere lites.*

VIRG. Ecl. 3. ver. 108.

'Tis ours such warm contentions to decide.

R. WYNNE.

*The proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in
Sheer-lane on Monday the 20th of November
1710, before Isaac Bickerstaffe Esq; censor of
Great Britain.*

PETER Plumb, of London, merchant, was indicted by the honourable Mr. Thomas Gules of Gule-hall in the country of Salop, for that

that the said Peter Plumb did in Lombard-street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and after a short salutation, put on his hat, value fivepence, while the honourable Mr. Gules stood bareheaded for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the criminal, that during his discourse with the prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The prosecutor alledged, that he was the cadet of a very antient family, and that according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honour, than do any thing beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The prisoner being asked what he could say for himself, cast several reflections upon the honourable Mr. Gules; as, that he was not worth a groat; that no body in the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money which he had promised to pay him several times, and never kept his word: and in short,
that

that he was an idle, beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public. This sort of language was very severely reprimanded by the censor, who told the criminal, that he spoke in contempt of the court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style. The prisoner therefore desired to be heard by his council, who urged in his defence, that he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident. They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman who deposed, that he had heard him cough three and twenty times that morning. And as for the wall, it was alledged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The censor having consulted the men of honour who sat at his right hand on the bench, found they were of opinion, that the defence made by the prisoner's council did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime; that the motions and intimations of the hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the criminal to a man of the prosecutor's quality, who was likewise vested with a double title

to

to the wall at the time of their conversation, both as it were the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the jury, without going out of the court, declared their opinion unanimously by the mouth of their foreman, that the prosecutor was bound in honour to make the sun shine through the criminal, or, as they afterwards explained themselves, to whip him through the lungs.

The censor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the jury, after a little pause, gave then to know, that this court was erected for the finding out of penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice; and that he expected they should moderate their verdict. The jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the censor, after an hour's consultation, declared their opinion as follows:

That in consideration this was Peter Plumb's first offence, and that there did not appear any *malice propense* in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the wall was only *se defendendo*, the prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the sitting of his nose, and the cutting off both his ears. Mr. Bickerstaffe smiling upon the court, told them, that he thought the punishment,

punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe; and that such penalties might be of ill consequence to a trading nation. He therefore pronounced sentence against the criminal, in the following manner: That his hat, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the court; that the criminal should go to the warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's coffee-house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he nor any of the family of the Plumbs should hereafter appear in the streets of London out of their coaches, that so the foot-way might be left open and undisturbed for their betters,

Dathan, a peddling Jew, and T. R——, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an ale-house in Westminster, for breaking the peace and two earthen mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended, that the Welsh were an ancients people than the Jews; whereas, says he, I can shew by this genealogy in my hand, that I am the son of Mesheck, that was the son of Naboth, that was the son of Shalem, that was the son of—— The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him,

him, that he could produce shennalogy as well as himself; for that he was John ap Rice, ap Shenkin, ap Shones. He then turned himself to the censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, that the Jew would needs uphold, that king Cadwallader was younger than Issachar. Mr. Bickerstaffe seemed very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew, but finding reason, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a Præ-Adamite, he suffered the jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their verdict, that it appearing the persons at the bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent such frivolous appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same blanket, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree it between themselves. The censor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted my major Punto, for having used the words, *Perhaps it may be so*, in a dispute with the said major. The major urged, that the word, *perhaps*, was questioning his veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the lie. Richard Newman had nothing more to say for himself,

self, than that he intended no such thing, and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The jury brought in their verdict special.

Mr. Bickerstaffe stood up, and after having cast his eyes over the whole assembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, that he had laid down a rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the court; I mean, says he, never to allow of the lie being given by construction, implication, or induction, but by the sole use of the word itself. He then proceeded to shew the great mischiefs that had arisen to the English nation from that pernicious monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the guards, and made great havoc in the army; that it had sometimes weakened the city train-bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the isle of Great Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the jury to *present* the word itself as a nuisance in the English tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their presentment, publish an edict of the court for the entire banishment and exclusion of it out
of

No. 257. T A T L E R. 165

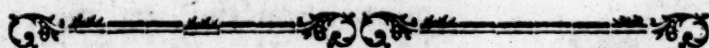
of the discourses and conversation of all civil societies.

This is a true copy,
Charles Lillie.

Monday next is set apart for the trial of several female causes.

N. B. The case of the buffoc will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.



No. 257. THURSDAY, November 14. 1710.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora: Dii, cœptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)
Aspirate meis.——*

OVID. Met. lib. 1. ver. 1.

Of bodies changed to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Assist me in this arduous task!——

From my own apartment, November 29.

EVERY nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in religions, that shoot

shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of sects and opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, assures me, there is a show at this time *carried* up and down in Germany, which represents all the religions in Great Britain in wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter in which the images are wrought makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures, my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many skrewed faces and wry features as appeared in several of the figures that composed the show. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the German artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner :

I have often, says he, been present at a show of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an assembly of spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our seats: the curtain that hung before the show was made by a master of tapestry, who had woven in it the figure of a monstrous Hydra that had several heads, and brandished out their tongues, and seem-
ed

ed to his at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up several in the room of them; insomuch that for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or an hundred of a smaller size, creeping through the wound. In short, the whole picture was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden, says my friend, I was startled with a flourish of many musical instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune (if it might be so called) wholly made up of jars and discords. Among the rest, there was an organ, a bag-pipe, a groaning board, a Stentorophonic trumpet, with several wind-instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary assembly of figures that ever entered into a man's imagination. The design of the workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us, that it was not hard for an Englishman to comprehend the meaning of it.

The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in queen Elizabeth's

beth's days. The most remarkable parts of her dress, was the beaver with the steeple crown, the scarf that was darker than sable, and the lawn apron that was whiter than ermin. Her gown was of the richest black velvet, and just upon her heart studded with large diamonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a cross. She bore an inexpressible cheerfulness and dignity in her aspect; and though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with so much love and reverence at the sight of her, that the tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something so charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On its right hand there sat the figure of a woman so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surpris'd at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old fashioned tower of grey hairs. Her head-dress rose very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colours in them, and were embroidered with crosses in gold,

gold, silver and silk: she had nothing on, so much as a glove or a slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of ribands, silks and jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my reader, that the lady before described was Popery, or that she I am going to describe is Presbytery. She sat on the left hand of the venerable matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seemed her sister; but at the same time that one observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the relation, but it was drawn up into a peevish figure, soured with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seemed offended at the matron for the shape of her hat, as too much resembling the triple coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she dissented from the white apron and the cross; for which reason she had made herself a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the sectaries that sat on the left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the matron, lest she should see the harlot by her.

On the right hand of Popery sat Judaism, represented by an old man embroidered with phylacteries,

lacteries, and distinguished by many typical figures, which I had not skill enough to riddle. He was placed among the rubbish of a temple; but instead of weeping over it, (which I should have expected from him) he was counting out a bag of money upon the ruins of it.

On his right hand was Deism, or Natural Religion. This was a figure of an half-naked awkward country wench, who with proper ornaments and education would have made an agreeable and beautiful appearance; but for want of those advantages, was such a spectacle as a man would blush to look upon.

I have now, continued my friend, given you an account of those who were placed on the right hand of the matron, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were Deism, Judaism, and Popery. On the left hand, as I told you, appeared Presbytery. The next to her was a figure which somewhat puzzled me: It was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a silver basin filled with water. Observing something in this countenance that looked like lunacy, I fancied at first that he was to express that kind of distraction which the physicians call the hydro-phobia; but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected myself, and concluded it to be Anabaptism.

The next figure was a man that sat under a
most

most profound compofure of mind: he wore an hat whose brims were exactly parallel with the horizon: his garment had neither fleeve nor skirt, nor fo much as a fuperfluous button. What he called his cravat, was a little piece of white linen quilled with great exactnefs, and hanging below his chin about two inches. Seeing a book in his hand, I asked our artift what it was, who told me it was the Quakers religion; upon which I defired a fight of it. Upon perufal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fafhioned grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary difcourfe. The nouns were reduced to a very fmall number, as the *light, friend, Babylon*. The principal of his pronouns was *thou*, and as for *you, ye, and yours*, I found they were not looked upon as parts of fpeech in this grammar. All the verbs wanted the fecond perfon plural; the participles ending all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular accent. There were no adverbs befides *yea* and *nay*. The fame thrift was obferved in the prepositions. The conjunctions were only *hem!* and *ha!* and the interjections brought under the three heads of fighing, fobbing, and groaning. There was at the end of the grammar a little nomenclature, called, *the Chriftian man's vocabulary*, which gave new appellations, or (if you will) Chriftian names to almoft every thing in life. I replaced the book in the hand

of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of its garb, speech and behaviour.

Just opposite to this row of religions, there was a statue dressed in a fool's coat, with a cap of bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figure that stood before him. This idiot is supposed to say in his heart what David's fool did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper representative of those among us who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-thinkers by themselves.

There were many other groupes of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both sexes turning their backs upon the company, and laying their heads very close together, I enquired after their religion, and found that they called themselves the Philadelphians, or the family of love.

In the opposite corner there sate another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the *sweet singers of Israel*.

I must not omit, that in this assembly of wax there were several pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great satisfaction to the spectators. Behind the matron there stood one of these figures, and behind Popery another, which, as the artist told us, were each of them the genius of the person they attended. That behind Popery

pery represented Persecution, and the other Moderation. The first of these moved by secret springs towards a great heap of dead bodies that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of these dead men several hard words, as Præ-Adamites, Sabbatarians, Cameronians, Muggletonians, Brownists, Independents, Masonites, Camisars, and the like. At the approach of Persecution, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody flag, the whole assembly of dead men, like those in the Rehearsal, started up and drew their swords. This was followed by great clashings and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of Moderation moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed Liberty of Conscience, immediately fell into a heap of carcases, remaining in the same quiet posture that they lay at first.



No. 259. TUESDAY, December 5. 1710.

— *Vexat censura columbas.*

JUV. Sat. 1. ver. 63.

Censure acquits the crow, condemns the dove.

ANON.

A continuation of the journal of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-Lane on Monday the 27th of November, before Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq; censor of Great Britain.

ELIZABETH MAKEBATE, of the parish of St. Catherine's, spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the hassoc from under the lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the 26th of November. The prosecutor deposed, that as she stood up to make a curtsy to a person of quality in a neighbouring pew, the criminal conveyed away the hassoc by stealth, insomuch that the prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at church, or to say her prayers in a posture that did not become a woman of her quality. The prisoner pleaded inadvertency, and the jury were going to bring it in chance-medly, had not several

veral witnesses been produced against the said Elizabeth Makebate, that she was an old offender, and a woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that on the Sunday before she had detracted from a new petition of Mrs. Mary Doelittle, having said in the hearing of several credible witnesses, that the said petticoat was scowred, to the great grief and detriment of the said Mary Doelittle. There were likewise many evidences produced against the criminal, that though she never failed to come to church on Sunday, she was a most notorious Sabbath-breaker, and that she spent her whole time, during divine service, in disparaging other people's clothes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the indictment, and received sentence to ask pardon of the prosecutor upon her bare knees, without either cushion or hassoc under her, in the face of the court.

N. B. As soon as the sentence was executed on the criminal, which was done in open court with the utmost severity, the first lady of the bench on Mr. Bickerstaffe's right hand stood up, and made a motion to the court, that whereas it was impossible for women of fashion to dress themselves before the church was half done, and whereas many confusions and inconveniencies did arise thereupon, it might be lawful for them to send a foot-man, in order to keep their places,

as was usual in other polite and well-regulated assemblies. The motion was ordered to be entered in the books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambric, linen-draper, in the city of Westminster, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the prosecutor and her woman going in a stage-coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the lady's own chariot, the criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same coach, at which time the prisoner talked bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The prosecutor alledged, that over-against *the old fox* at Knightsbridge he mentioned the word *linen*; and at the further end of Kensington he made use of the term *smock*; and that before he came to Hammer-smith, he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon wedding shirts. The prosecutor's women confirmed what her lady had said, and added further, that she had never seen her lady in so great a confusion, and in such a taking, as she was during the whole discourse of the criminal. The prisoner had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said. The jury however found him guilty, and represented by the their forewoman, that such discourses were apt to fully the imagination, and that by a concatenation of ideas, the word

word *linen* implied many things that were not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the prosecutor's quality; and therefore give it as their verdict, that the linen-draper should lose his tongue. Mr. Bickerstaffe said, he thought the prosecutor's ears were as much to blame as the prisoner's tongue, and therefore gave sentence as follows; that they should both be placed over-against one another in the midst of the court, there to remain for the space of one quarter of an hour, during which time, the linen-draper was to be gagged, and the lady to hold her hands close upon both her ears, which was executed accordingly.

Edward Calliccoat was indicted as an accomplice to Charles Cambric, for that he the said Edward Calliccoat did, by his silence and his smiles, seem to approve and abet the said Charles Cambric in every thing he said. It appeared, that the prisoner was foreman of the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambric, and by his post obliged to smile at every thing that the other should be pleased to say: upon which he was acquitted.

Josias Shallow was indicted in the name of dame Winifred, sole relict of Richard Dainty, Esq; for having said several times in company, and in the hearing of several persons there present, that he was extremely obliged to the widow

Dainty, and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his gratitude. The prosecutor urged, ~~th~~ this might blast her reputation, and that it was in effect a boasting of favours which he had never received. The prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the construction which was put upon his words, and said, that he meant nothing by them, but that the widow had befriended him in a lease, and was very kind to his younger sister. The jury finding him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the court, brought in their verdict Ignoramus.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the lady Betty Wou'dbe, for having said, that she the lady Betty Wou'dbe was painted. The prisoner brought several persons of good credit to witness to her reputation, and proved by undeniable evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The censor, observing the behaviour of the prosecutor, found reason to believe that she had indicted the prisoner for no other reason but to make her complexion be taken notice of, which indeed was very fresh and beautiful: he therefore asked the offender with a very stern voice, how she could presume to spread so groundless a report? and whether she saw any colours in the lady Wou'dbe's face that could procure credit to such a falsehood? do you see (says he) any lillies or

roses

roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability? ——— The prosecutor, not able to bear such language any longer, told him, that he talked like a blind old fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any opinion of his wisdom: but she was put to silence, and sentenced to wear her mask for five months, and not to presume to shew her face till the town should be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Esq; was indicted for having told the lady Everbloom at a public ball, that she looked very well for a woman of her years. The prisoner not denying the fact, and persisting before the court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the jury brought him in *non compos mentis*.

The court then adjourned to Monday the 11th instant.

Copia vera, Charles Lillie.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.



No. 260. THURSDAY, December 7, 1710.

Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum. —

MART.

The nose, 'tis said, shows both our scorn and
pride :

And yet that feature is to some deny'd.

R. WYNNE.

From my own apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate dissertation upon thumbs in Montaigne's Essays, and another upon ears in the "Tale of a Tub." I am here going to write one upon noses, having chosen for my text the following verses out of Hudibras :

*So learned Talicotius from
The brawny part of porter's bum
Cut supplemental noses, which
Lasted as long as parent breech ;
But when the date of nock was out,
Off drop'd the sympathetic snout.*

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination, I must, for my own quiet, desire the critics (who in all times have been famous for good noses) to refrain from the lecture of this curious tract. These gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little rhinocercal nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision, and which they were used to cock, toss, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious contemporaries. It is not therefore for this generation of men that I write the present transaction,

——— *Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum———

————— Unfit
 For the brisk petulance of modern wit ;
 FRANCIS.

But for the sake of some of my philosophical friends in the royal society, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its
 spight

spight upon the nose. I have seen a little burlesque poem in Italian that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: Mars, the God of war, having served during the siege of Naples in the shape of a French colonel, received a visit one night from Venus, the goddess of love, who had been always his professed mistress and admirer. The poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a suttlng wench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it were by reason of any bad food that his father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the stars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his arrows in poison, that rotted every thing they touched; and what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the nose, quite contrary to the practice of his eldest brothers, who had made a human heart their butt in all countries and ages. To break him of his roguish tricks, his parents put him to school to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the noses of mankind; but in spight of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though his

his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an invenomed arrow, and wound his votaries oftner in the nose than in the heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my learned reader, that Correggio has drawn a Cupid taking his lesson from Mercury, conformable to this poem; nor that the poem itself was designed as a burlesque upon Fracastorius.

It was a little after this fatal siege of Naples that Talicotius begun to practise in a town of Germany. He was the first clap-doctor that I meet with in history, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated Dr. Wall. He saw his species extreamly mutilated and disfigured by this new distemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a very seasonable invention, set up a manufacture of noses, having first got a patent that none should presume to make noses besides himself. His first patient was a great man of Portugal, who had done good services to his country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his nose. Talicotius grafted a new one on the remaining part of the gristle or cartilaginous substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pronounce the letters *M* or *N*, and in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural nose. There was however one misfortune in this experiment. The Portuguese's

guese's complexion was a little upon the subfufe, with very black eyes and dark eyebrows, and the nose being taken from a porter that had a white German skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the Conde resembled one of those maimed antique statues that has often a modern nose of fresh marble glewed to a face of such a yellow ivory complexion as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the doctor got together a great collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, brown, fair, dark, fallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a patient of the most out-of-the-way colour not to find a nose to match it.

The doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and become a kind of college, or rather hospital, for the fashionable cripples of both sexes that resorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was fastened a large golden snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great gates at Brazen-Nose college, in Oxford; and as it is usual for the learned in foreign universities to distinguish their houses by a Latin sentence, the doctor writ underneath this great golden proboscis two verses out of Ovid:

Militat

Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido,

Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans..

OVID. Amor. El. 9. ver. 1.

The toils of love require a warrior's art,
And every lover plays the soldier's part.

R. WYNNE.

It is reported, that Talicotius had at one time in his house twelve German counts, nineteen French marquisses, and a hundred Spanish cavaliers, besides one solitary English esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the doctor had the monopoly of noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed if a man had occasion for a high Roman nose, he must go to the price of it. A carbuncle nose likewise bore an excessive rate : but for your ordinary short turned-up noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing ; at least the purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.

The sympathy betwixt the nose and its parent was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the porter died, the nose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return

turn the nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The nose was likewise affected by the pain as well as death of the original proprietor. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three Spaniards, whose noses were all made out of the same piece of brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely, upon which they sent to know how the porter did, and heard upon enquiry, that the parent of the noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the porter kept his bed on account of the bruises he had received. This was highly resented by the Spaniards, who found out the person that had used the porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner as if the indignity had been done to their own noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that porters led the gentlemen by the nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the nose, the porter felt the effects of it, in so much that it was generally articulated with the patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should on no pretence whatsoever smell pepper, or eat mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The Englishman I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into
the

the distemper which at first brought him to the learned Talicotius, that in the space of two years he wore out five noses, and by that means so tormented the porters, that if he would have given 500*l.* for a nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young gentleman was born of honest parents, and passed his first years in fox hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming to London, he was so charmed with the beauties of the play-house, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany, the Englishman of five noses, and, the gentleman that had thrice as many noses as he had ears: such was the raillery of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admonition to the young men of this town, which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that have made their first appearance in it this winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg of them not to follow the example of our ordinary town-rakes, who live as if there was a Talicotius to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the nose is a very becoming part of the face, and a man makes but a
very

very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing till they have lost it. The general precept therefore I shall leave with them is, to regard every town-woman as a particular kind of siren, that has a design upon their noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humorous phrase of old Plautus :

Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordicus.

“ Keep your face out of my way, or I’ll bite
“ off your nose.”

No.



No. 262. TUESDAY, December 12. 1710.

*Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores,
Doctus et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.*

PERS. Sat. 5. ver. 14.

Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown;
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
'To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.

DRYDEN.

Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

TIMOTHY TREATALL, gent. was indicted by several ladies of his sister's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on Tuesday the 7th of November last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment set forth, that the said Mr. Treatall, upon the serving up of the supper, desired the ladies to take their places according to their different age and seniority, for that it was the way always at his table to pay respect to years. The indictment added, that
this

this produced an unspeakable confusion in the company; for that the ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crouded with the same disorder towards the end that was quite opposite; that Mrs. Frontly had the insolence to clap herself down at the very lowest place of the table; that the widow Partlett seated herself on the right hand of Mrs. Frontly, alleging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a round table; that Mrs. Fidget and Mrs. Fescue disputed above half an hour for the same chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause till it was decided by the parish register, which happened to be kept hard by. The indictment further said, that the rest of the company who sate down, did it with a reserve to their right hand, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion; and that Mrs. Mary Pippe, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several mothers of families among her inferiors. The criminal alleged in his defence, that what he had done, was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony, and that the ladies did not complain of his rudeness till the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity. The censor frowning upon him, told him, that he ought not to discover so much levity

levity in matters of a serious nature, and (upon the jury's bringing in him guilty) sentenced him to treat the whole company of ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the decorum which was due to persons of their quality.

Rebecca Shapely, spinster, was indicted by Mrs. Sarah Smack, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the heels of her silk slippers, which the prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two inches higher than they really were. The prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the prisoner was herself guilty of the same kind of forgery which she had laid to the prosecutor's charge, for that she the said Rebecca Shapely did always wear a pair of steel bodice, and a false rump. The censor ordered the slippers to be produced in open court, where the heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the grand jury to search the criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the bodice, but found her guilty of the rump; upon which she received sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippitt, Esq; of the Middle Temple, brought his action against the lady Elizabeth Prudely, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her coach from the opera. The plaintiff set forth, that he had entered

tered himself into the list of those volunteers who officiate every night behind the boxes as gentlemen-ushers of the play-house; that he had been at a considerable charge in white gloves, periwigs, and snuff-boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his fortune by it. The council for the defendant replied, that the plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a promise that she would give it him in marriage. As soon as their pleading on both sides were finished, the censor ordered the plaintiff to be cashiered from his office of gentleman usher to the play-house, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill design; and at the same time ordered the defendant either to marry the said plaintiff, or to pay him half a crown for the new pair of gloves and coach-hire that he was at the expence of in her service.

The lady Townly brought an action of debt against Mrs. Flambeau, for that Mrs. Flambeau had not been to see the said lady Townly and wish her joy, since her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithstanding she the said lady Townly had paid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the defendant, that the plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that
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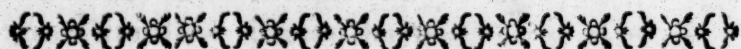
the visit she alleged had been made on Monday, which she knew was a day on which Mrs. Flambeau was always abroad, having set aside that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family; that the servant who enquired whether she was at home, did not give the visiting knock; that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening; that there were no candles lighted up; that it was not on Mrs. Flambeau's day; and in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by her porter's book, which was produced in court, that she had paid the lady Townly a visit on the twenty-fourth day of March, just before her leaving the town, in the year 1709-10, for which she was still creditor to the said lady Townly. To this the plaintiff only replied, that she was now only under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single woman. Mr. Bickerstaffe finding the cause to be very intricate, and that several points of honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving judgment upon it till the next session day, at which time he ordered the ladies on his left hand to present to the court a table of all the laws relating to visits.

Winifred Leer brought her action against Richard Sly, for having broken a marriage contract, and wedded another woman, after he had

engaged himself to marry the said Winifred Leer. She alleged, that he had ogled her twice at an opera, thrice in St. James's church, and once at Powell's puppet-show, at which time he promised her marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that sate by her. Mr. Bickerstaffe finding that the defendant had made no further overture of love or marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the same time considering how very apt such impudent seducers are to lead the ladies hearts astray, ordered the criminal to stand upon the stage in the Hay-market, between each act of the next opera, there to be exposed to public view as a false ogler.

Upon the rising of the court, Mr. Bickerstaffe having taken one of these counterfeits in the very fact, as he was ogling a lady of the grand jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the statute of ogling. He likewise directed the clerk of the court to draw up an edict against these common cheats that make women believe they are distracted for them by staring them out of countenance, and often blast a lady's reputation whom they never spoke to, by saucy looks and distant familiarities.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.



No. 265. TUESDAY, December 19. 1710.

Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocosa.

OVID. Met. lib. 3. ver. 331.

——Him therefore they create
The sov'reign umpire of their droll debate.

*Continuation of the journal of the Court of
Honour, etc.*

AS soon as the court was sate, the ladies of the bench presented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force, relating to visits and visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, Esq; was indicted by colonel Touchy, of her majesty's trained-bands, upon an action of assault and battery; for that he the said Mr. Heedless having espied a feather upon the shoulder of the said colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a walking-staff, valued three pence. It appeared, that the prosecutor did not think himself injured till a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him;

but that having ruminated with himself for several days, and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Heedless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The council for the prosecutor alleged, that the shoulder was the tenderest part in a man of honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a stick, and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person's honour who received it. Mr. Heedless replied, that what he had done was out of kindness to the prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the trained-bands with a feather upon his shoulder; and further added, that the stick he had made use of on this occasion was so very small, that the prosecutor could not have felt it, had he broken it on his shoulders. The censor hereupon directed the Jury, to examine into the nature of the staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of crab-tree from that of cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazle stick. The jury, after a short perusal of the staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, that the substance of the staff was British oak. The censor then observing that

that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat it off with his aforesaid oaken plant; and thus, said the censor, I shall decide this cause by the law of retaliation: if Mr. Heedless did the colonel a good office, the colonel will by this means return it in kind; but if Mr. Heedless should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the colonel, or laid his staff over his shoulders, the colonel might boast in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. Heedless's jacket, or (to use the phrase of an ingenious author) that he has rubbed him down with an oaken towel.

Benjamin Busy, of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, Esq; for having pulled out his watch and looked upon it thrice, while the said esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the funeral of the said esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alleged in his defence, that he was going to buy stocks at the time when he met the prosecutor; and that, during the story of the prosecutor, the said stocks rose above two *per cent.* to the great detriment of the prisoner. The prisoner further brought several witnesses, that the said Jasper Tattle, Esq; was a most notorious story-teller; that before he met the prisoner, he had hindered one of the prisoner's acquaintance from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by

the button of his coat that very morning, till he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter, Mr. Bickerstaffe dismissed the accusation, as frivolous, and sentenced the prosecutor to pay damages to the prisoner for what the prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient an hearing. He further reprimanded the prosecutor very severely, and told him, that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious.

Sir Paul Swash, kt. was indicted by Peter Double, gent. for not returning the bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday the sixth instant, at the play-house in the Hay-market. The prisoner denied the receipt of any such bow, and alledged in his defence, that the prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the prosecutor he would take no notice of it; or bow to some body else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alleged, that several ladies had complained of the prosecutor, who, after ogling him a quarter of an hour, upon their making a curtsy to him, would not return the civility

lity of a bow. The censor observing several glances of the prosecutor's eye, and perceiving, that when he talked to the court, he looked upon the jury, found reason to suspect that there was a wrong cast in his sight, which upon examination proved true. The censor therefore ordered the prisoner (that he might not produce any more confusions in public assemblies) never to bow to any body whom he did not at the same time call to by his name.

Oliver Bluff, and Benjamin Browbeat, were indicted for going to fight a duel since the erection of the Court of Honour. It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the court, in their way to the fields behind Montague-house. The criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a challenge which had been made above a week before the Court of Honour was erected. The censor finding some reasons to suspect (by the sturdiness of their behaviour) that they were not so very brave as they would have the court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the grand jury, who found a breast-plate upon the one, and two quires of paper upon the other. The breast-plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaffe's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their bosoms,

foms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the court, and retired to their respective lodgings.

The court then adjourned till after the holydays.

Copia vera,

Charles Lillie.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.



No. 267. SATURDAY, December 23. 1710.

*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Restinxit stellas, exortus uti atherius sol.*

LUCR. lib. 3. ver. 1056.

His genius quite obscur'd the brightest ray
Of human thought, as Sol's effulgent beams
At morn's approach, extinguish'd all the stars.

R. WYNNE.

From my own apartment, December 22.

I HAVE heard, that it is a rule among the conventuals of several orders in the Romish church, to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but

but from the members of their own fraternity, and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their maker and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented crimes, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular acts of devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, whatever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at all times is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and (if I may so say) the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious and attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted in some former papers, that the greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to shew how those in our nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country.

I might

I might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but because priest-craft is the common cry of every cavilling empty scribler, I shall shew, that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality, and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall in this paper only instance Sir Francis Bacon, a man, who, for the greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the present age, whom (I must confess) I have always
accused

accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary man a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than of a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions which at that time lay heavy upon him; we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind, which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with the title to it, as it was found among his lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my reader with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

A Prayer

A Prayer or Psalm made by my Lord Bacon,
chancellor of England.

“ MOST gracious Lord God, my merciful
“ Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my
“ Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord,
“ soundest and searchest the depths and secrets
“ of all hearts: Thou acknowledgest the upright
“ of heart; Thou judgest the hypocrite; Thou
“ ponderest men’s thoughts and doings as in a
“ ballance; Thou measurest their intentions as
“ with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot
“ be hid from Thee.

“ Remember, O Lord! how thy servant hath
“ walked before thee; remember what I have
“ first sought, and what hath been principal in
“ my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies,
“ I have mourned for the divisions of thy
“ church, I have delighted in the brightness of
“ thy sanctuary. This vine, which thy right
“ hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever
“ prayed unto Thee, that it might have the first
“ and the latter rain, and that it might stretch
“ her branches to the seas, and to the floods.
“ The state and bread of the poor and oppressed
“ have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated
“ all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have
“ (though in a despised weed) procured the good
“ of all men. If any have been my enemies, I
thought

“ thought not of them, neither hath the sun al-
 “ most set upon my displeasure; but I have been
 “ as a dove, free from superfluity of malicious-
 “ ness. Thy creatures have been my books, but
 “ thy scriptures much more. I have sought Thee
 “ in thy courts, fields and gardens, but I have
 “ found Thee in thy temples.

“ Thousands have been my sins, and ten thou-
 “ sands my transgressions, but thy sanctifications
 “ have remained with me, and my heart (through
 “ thy grace) hath been an unquenched coal up-
 “ on thine altar.

“ O Lord, my strength! I have since my
 “ youth met with Thee in all my ways, by thy
 “ fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable cha-
 “ ristements, and by thy most visible providence.
 “ As thy favours have encreased upon me, so
 “ have thy corrections; so as thou hast been al-
 “ ways near me, O Lord! and ever as my
 “ worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts
 “ from Thee have pierced me; and when I have
 “ ascended before men, I have descended in hu-
 “ miliation before Thee. And now when I
 “ thought most of peace and honour, thy hand
 “ is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me ac-
 “ cording to thy former loving-kindness, keep-
 “ ing me still in thy fatherly school, not as a
 “ bastard but as a child. Just are thy judgments
 “ upon me for my sins, which are more in num-
 “ ber than the sands of the sea, but have no pro-

“ portion to thy mercies ; for what are the sands
 “ of the sea ? Earth, heavens, and all these, are
 “ nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innu-
 “ merable sins, I confess before Thee, that I am
 “ debtor to Thee for the gracious talent of thy
 “ gifts and graces, which I have neither put in-
 “ to a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to exchan-
 “ gers, where it might have made best profit,
 “ but mispent it in things for which I was least
 “ fit : So I may truly say, my soul hath been a
 “ stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be
 “ merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour’s
 “ sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide
 “ me in thy ways.”

T H E E N D.



